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VOL. IV.

MARCH, 1894.

NO. 6.

# Stetson Collegiate.

PUBLISHED

BY THE

STUDENTS OF

JOHN B. STETSON

UNIVERSITY

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# STETSON COLLEGIATE.

"VERITAS."

VOL. IV.

DELAND, FLORIDA, MARCH, 1894.

No. 6.

## THE STETSON COLLEGIATE.

ISSUED MONTHLY

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UNIVERSITY.

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## Editorial and Miscellaneous.

What is a "crank," as the term is applied to man? THE COLLEGIATE wants a good answer to the above question. Let all our friends send in their definitions, and we will publish the best of them (the definitions we mean, not the friends) next month.

\*\*\*

There seems to be a desire on the part of our advanced students for more class lectures. Whenever a member of the faculty gives his or her class a lecture on the subject which they are studying it is fully appreciated, and the question naturally arises "Why not have, say, three or four such lectures in each subject during the quarter. In literature and science any number of subjects for such lectures will readily suggest themselves. The classes in the languages might be entertained and instructed in reference to some part of the history of the people whose tongue they are learning; by an account of the language itself; by a statement of the reasons for studying that language; by a biographical sketch of the author whose works they may be reading. The history of mathematics is full of interest, and would furnish material for a dozen lectures. Of course, we are not suggesting subjects now. We merely wish to show how wide is the field for work along this line. It is one of the misfortunes of having such short

recitation periods, that there is scarcely time enough for a class to recite upon the work assigned in the book, and that there is no time left for lectures. Most of the students however, would be glad to take the time at other hours, if they could only have the lectures.

\*\*\*

Some time during the month of April there will be a piano recital under the auspices of the University by Miss Marie Louise Bailey, which we venture to predict will be one of the richest treats of the season. Miss Bailey is probably the greatest American pianist. She is a Southern girl only nineteen years of age, who, after spending several years studying in Germany, has but recently returned to America. She has sung in the Gewandhaus of Leipzig, Germany, where only artists of the very highest rank are ever allowed to perform. The following from the Leipzig Tageblatt of March 1, 1893, shows how the young American was received there:

"In the old and time-honored hall of the Gewandhaus, Fraulien Marie Louise Bailey gave a concert last evening, in which she as piano virtuoso, figured alone, playing a rich and varied repertoire. Fraulien Bailey first studied here, and later in Vienna under Prof. Th. Leschetizky. In this conservatorium was acquired the wonderful technique which she undoubtedly possesses, and which she so well knows how to utilize. The concert was received on the part of the public with an exciting interest, the hall being crowded, and the galleries filled with enthusiastic hearers, who later showed their appreciation of the young artist by continued applause and 'bravos.' A young lady like Fraulien Bailey who can perform for two hours the most difficult works of the best masters, without the least sign of fatigue, must possess an unbounded fund of technical facility, great strength and perseverance—qualities which mark the true artist.

In the execution of the most difficult passages, her technique is perfect beyond criticism. Fraulien Bailey possesses two extraordinary hands, which she well knows how to use, and she stands on equal ground with any male virtuoso. In the Chopin Ballade, the Scherzo of the same master, and the Schumann Fäschingschawnk, the

great and difficult passages were magnificently given by the young artist. All through the performance we saw the true artistic temperament and the soul of the musician. The young artist was compelled to appear many times, and as the evening advanced the enthusiastic applause rose to a climax.

G. SCHLEMMER,  
Critic Leipzig Tageblatt.

Miss Bailey has also played in Vienna and Berlin. By special request she rendered an entire program alone before the king and queen of Saxony.

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Shall commencement exercises proper (by which we mean the essays and orations of the seniors, the presentation of diplomas, etc.), take place in the forenoon or in the evening? That is one of the minor questions which the faculty are now discussing. Heretofore in John B. Stetson University these exercises have always been held in the evening. Before thinking the matter over, probably nearly all our students will say they prefer that they should still be held at that time. There are, however, some very good reasons for changing the order of exercises, and having the graduation essays and orations, etc., on Wednesday forenoon.

In the first place, that would give an evening in commencement week on which the music recital might be held. Many of the visitors from a distance do not reach DeLand until the beginning of commencement week, and if the musicale is held before that time, they miss that part of the exercises.

In the second place the president's reception would then come after all the other exercises, as it should properly come. The reception is supposed to be given especially in honor of the seniors. Now, having been a senior myself, we think the seniors would certainly enjoy the reception better after they had gone through with their parts in the public exercises. They would not then be thinking every few moments of the duty still before them. Then, too, the reception would furnish an opportunity for the friends of the graduates to congratulate them,



and would obviate the necessity of two or three hundred people trying, all at one time, to press to the front and congratulate said graduates.

On the whole, we favor the change from Wednesday evening to Wednesday forenoon.

We gave a brief account, in our last issue, of George William Childs. The following from Munsey's Magazine may throw additional light on the character of the great editor and philanthropist:

"Twenty years ago, when Lord Houghton—better known as Richard Monckton Milnes—was visiting George W. Childs' country house, the English litterateur asked his host to point out to him 'a typical American.' Mr. Childs introduced him to the then Vice-President of the United States, Henry Wilson, who had risen from a cobbler's bench to the second political station of the republic.

"Typical American as was the Massachusetts liberatorist, George W. Childs himself was a man who far better deserved the title. He rose from a still deeper obscurity to a yet more sterling fame. He was self-made in the best and fullest sense. His unaided effort achieved great wealth and wide influence—achieved them by honorable endeavor in the sight of all men, and without a trace of the selfishness that raises itself by pulling others down. And of that wealth and influence he made the noblest use man can make. He never sought to figure prominently in public affairs. He steadily declined all suggestions of political preferment. He did not seek to heap up a fortune that should be vast in these days of great fortunes. It was not his ambition to found a financial dynasty. He chose to devote his powers, with the broadest sympathy, with the most enlightened beneficence, to the good of his fellow men. This was the central purpose of his life; this was at once his ideal of duty and his chosen pleasure.

Mr. Childs once said himself: 'If asked what, as the result of my experience, is the greatest pleasure in life, I should reply, 'doing good to others.'

We frequently hear people speak of "defending the truth." Just what meaning that phrase is intended to convey we do not know; but it seems, at best, an unfortunate expression. The truth may need to be learned; it may need to be taught; it may need to be proven. But when once it is accepted as truth, or proven to be truth, it neither needs nor can have any further defence.

Jesus Christ commanded his disciples to know the truth and to proclaim the truth. He told them, in effect, that the truth would defend them; but we do not remember that He ever intimated that it was to be any part of their mission to "defend" the truth. Yet there are men who would rather

spend a week arguing about the inerrancy of the Scriptures (a matter of exceedingly little practical importance) than an hour in teaching or studying one of the essential principles of Christianity. We have no fault to find with ministers, but if some of them would only think a little more about *preaching* the truth, and not quite so much about *defending* it, we believe they would be more successful.

The scientist, too, who spends his time and energy in attempting to establish some pet theory, whether it be true or not, would accomplish a great deal more usually if he would give the world the bare facts which he has discovered.

Most men who so loudly proclaim themselves the defenders of the truth really defend nothing but their own opinions, and they usually try to do that by attacking the opinions of others, or even by slandering their character. Nothing in the world is easier than to dogmatize, unless it be to find fault. Dogmatism and unjust criticism are the poorest possible methods of establishing the truth.

### Truth.

Who does not agree with Shaftsbury when he says: "The most natural beauty in the world is honesty and moral truth. True features make the beauty of a face, and true proportions the beauty of architecture, as true measures that of harmony and music." One cannot be too careful about telling and acting the truth. He who begins by telling or acting a lie, knowing that it is a lie, will one day be so thoroughly self-deceived as to think that his speech and conduct are in accord with truth. The deceiver is sure to become self-deceived. No doubt some are more easily duped by their own duplicity than others. Some people seem naturally to love a sham; others naturally hate a sham. The former suffer more from the selfish influence of their own conduct than the latter; but all must inevitably bear the penalty.

How pitiable is the condition of that person whose power to distinguish between truth and falsehood is forever weakened! Everything that is true is beautiful; everything that is false in appearance, in word or in conduct, is unsightly, hideous, and injurious.

Truth was meant to satisfy the mind, as food satisfies bodily hunger. The mind of the false man is, then, unsatisfied. Truth was intended to stir and develop the emotions. Truths to

the emotions are like the musician's strokes upon the keys of a piano. As the latter are essential to music, the former are essential to holy sentiment. Much of the soul's capacity for purifying, ennobling feeling, must forever remain dormant unless truth is coveted and revered. The false man is, then, at heart small and mean. Truth was intended, also, to regulate conduct. Its force ought to be felt in man's capacity for willing. Truth was intended to be the mighty lever which moves man to do ever and zealously that which is good. Truth was intended not only to forbid man to do wrong, but to restrain him from it. The false man, then, is not properly incited to do good nor sufficiently restrained from wrong-doing; his conduct is not regulated.

In nursing and subverting the truth the false man misses and subverts that which is alone beautiful. He is always and inevitably unsatisfied in those capacities of his nature which are noblest and best, and being unsatisfied is always restless, a torment to himself as well as an affliction to his fellows. But here we have hinted at a second thought—untruthfulness is an injustice to our fellow men.

In justice to ourselves we must have worthy ends which we seek to accomplish. The excellency of good and generous aims is recognized by God and man. But we must beware lest we use questionable means in the attainment of our worthy ends—means not in accord with a high sense of honor. To save ourselves from inconvenience, or even defeat, we ought never to descend to evasions and shifts wherein part of the truth is subverted. We may call our duplicity smartness, diplomacy, self-defense, policy or civility—but we are none the less false—we are traitors of the truth. Moreover, our cowardice, our falseness, is a barrier to free and healthy intercourse among men. If you deceive a child, and it detects your deception, it not only becomes suspicious of you, but of men generally. A slanderous report is not only an injustice to the person against whom it is aimed, but an injustice to all who are induced to believe it. The growth of civilization and wealth, as well as the growth of personal character, is hindered by falsehood. Trade and commerce are hampered, retarded and often overwhelmed in disaster by deliberate, determined untruthfulness.

Charity, also, is minimized and with-



held from its proper objects by distrusts engendered by those who falsely claim to be needy.

We must learn to love truth. If we would apprehend the truth in man or God we must ourselves be true. Truthfulness is the path to restfulness. Duplicity is as unreliable a means to attainment of ends as it is contemptible. Truthfulness is pleasant to oneself, a joy to our fellow men, and an honor to the true and living author and giver of truth.

## Shade Lemon's 2 Pensions.

DEDICATED TER THE NEW PENSION KERMISHIONER.

I'm a tellin' this here story jess the way hit taken place—  
Hit's the plain unvarnish truth I tell—I'm talkin' ter yer face—  
In the mountings of Old Tennysee, some 30 year ago,  
Lived a man by name of Lemon—lean & lank & awful low.  
Which his hare it were so yaller all the punkins hid ter shame!  
Likewise also his strugglin beard—Shade Lemon were his name.  
Which his jint were slung tergether sorter accidental wise.  
& fer ramblin, shamblin straglin ways, he taken off the prize.  
Ter want no power er good in Shade; he never done much harm—  
He mostly fooled away his time on his little mounting farm;  
In summer time he laid about & watched his weedy kr p—  
What little monny Lemon made, jess fell inter his mp.  
His cow run in the mountings nigh—she et the public grass—  
He lived on butter-milk & meal & a little garden sass,  
Shade Lemon want no hand to fout. I uster hear him say  
The man that scoots when rows commence  
In fout some other day.  
& when that cruel war broke out he taken ter the brush  
Him & his cow—they both run wile—he lived on milk & mush.  
He sez ter me, "Dave Hanks," sezsee, "Shade Lemon's had no hand  
In bringin' this here fuss abaout—twant done by my kermant—  
This grand ole Union's good ernuff fer sich po men as me!  
The rich man's war's the po man's fout—but in it Shade wont be!"

Jeff Davis he kep sendin word ter Shade ter volunteer.  
& Lemon he kep hidin out, a tremblin like fer fear,  
Ontil at last Jeff Davis sont a reejiment up thar,  
& fore Shade knowde it, he were cotch, & grafted in the war.  
I watched him close—I knode his grit—& when the fout begun,  
Shade Lemon had the stomach ake ontill the fout were done!  
The next big fout, he claimed he had a mizry in his hed,  
So bad he couldn't see to shoot, leastways that's what he sed.  
Thar now! I done forgot one thing—I'm tellin of hit straight—  
Shade Lemon jined the Kalvry Co., he rid his ole mar Kate,  
He sez ter me, "Dave Hanks," sezsee, "ef I'm ter jine the war,  
I bleeve I reether ride as walk—I'll ride my ole gray mar—  
Ef this here grate konfederacy cant prosper thouten me,  
I'll save the thing & bring hit home, ef I must jine the spree."  
I watched him close—I knode his grit—I knode his time would come—  
Some fouts was fit on purpose, but it want the way with some—

One day the kalvry compny they was ridin keorless like.  
Ac ost a little neck er woods, ter hit the the Knoxville Pike—  
We loved them tarnal yankies was 10 mild er more away.  
& Shade, ter hear him tell hit, were a pinin fer the fray.  
Fast thing we knode, them sly old yanks they riz up outen the groung—  
They riz up like wile injins do, they hemmed us all up round.

I'm a tellin' this here story jess the way hit taken place—  
Hit's the plain unvarnish truth I tell—I'm talkin' ter yer face—  
Shade Lemon drapped his gun he did, he grabbed his ole mar Kate  
Around the neck with both his arms, as I'm erbleeged ter state—  
He drapped the reins—he shet his eyes—ole Kate she run around,  
Jess like tother horses done—she farely thrashed the ground!  
She dodged them bullits splendid—I'm a tellin' of it strate—  
Them bullits flew one sollid our, but never tocht old Kate!  
When them yankies drapped the subject, and departed double quick,  
I found Shade Lemon in some pines, whar weed & vines was thick—  
He sez ter me, "Dave Hanks," sezsee, "I dunno whar I'm at!  
I fit them coward yanks so hard, I lost my gun & hat!"

Black ink is white—the sky ar green, & medder grass ar blue.  
Ef what I'm tellin' of yer haint as true as truth ar true—  
We devilled Shade so tarnal bad, he tuck a little ride.  
Him & old Kate, one stormy nite, & jined the tother side.  
I haint no call ter tell how well he fit for Uncle Sam—  
Dave Hanks want thar, & whar I'm at, that's all the whar I am—  
I know one mornin' atter that, he straggled into camp.  
Ragged & yaller—like a purp, he sneaked, the tarnal scamp!

The reejiment riz up ter once, & giv him 3 loud cheers.  
& Shake, he flopped down on a stump, & busted inter tears!  
He sez ter me, "Dave Hanks," sezsee, "them yankies tuck my mar!  
They sed they had no use fer me—I ain't no use no whar!  
Jess hang me ter a white oak lim'. I jess as livy be hung.  
As ter be made the luffin stock of ev'ry waggin' tung!"  
The boys they tied a rope around his long & hairy neck—  
I begged for Shade, but them wile boys, they never keered a speck!  
They strung him up—but jess afore he kicked his last deth kick,  
The kaptin made um cut him down—he sed hit made him sick!  
He sez ter me "Dave Hanks," sezsee, "you take the blame fool home!  
We haint no use fer sich as him—I can't see why he come!  
We can't disgrace Fare Dixie Land by hangin' yaller dogs—  
But all the same, we can't pile bresh, & drag around sich logs!"

I'm a tellin' this here story jess the way hit taken place—  
Hit's the plain unvarnish truth I tell—I'm talkin' ter yer face!  
Shade Lemon draws 2 pensions now! he gits back ev'ry yea  
The wuth of that ole mar he lost—full price and intrust clear!  
He draws one pension jess becase ter tother side he clung.  
His widder draws anuther, kase her poor ole man were hung!  
His widder! which he married her, a likely fresh young gal.  
Three year ago, come nex' July—she jess the age er Sal!  
Sal, she! my darter—which they say, Sal Hanks a bu'ly be!  
Her & Miss Lemon boath grode up in ole East Tennysee.

DAVE HANKS.

In Southern Magazine.

## Needed—Less Pity and More Sympathy.

In this age of the world's history, more true hearts are yearning to help struggling humanity than ever before. If we can but discover just the character of the need of those about us, much misdirected and consequently fruitless effort may be saved. What is it that the world needs to day? Is it *pity* for which the trouble-laden soul cries out?

We frequently forget that although individual differences invariably exist, we are, after all, in many respects as much alike as if our feelings were cast in the same mould. You, for instance, have your own peculiar trial. What will make the burden lighter? Will the desired result be attained if your neighbor stands at a distance, his heart full of pity at your hard lot? Nay, rather if he would be any help, let him put his own shoulder under the burden and help you by sharing its weight.

Sympathy, therefore, is what *you* need—is it then unreasonable to suppose that this will also meet your brother's demand?

There are, however, some natures which seem self-sufficient. Their part seems to be that of leaders, not of followers. They help others by their kind sympathy, but seem to need no corresponding return. Ah! if you think this, you are making a great mistake. The strongest nature suffers without that gift most helpful because the giver goes with it—not *pity*, but *sympathy*.

## Times are Changing—Are They Improving?

That times are changing needs no proof. Nowhere is the difference more evident than in the constantly shifting view with which we regard religious truth. Our ideas differ widely from those of our fathers. Does this constantly widening difference indicate progress?

We are proud of our Puritan fathers who won for us religious freedom. We honor them for their loyalty to truth and their unflinching determination to do the right at all hazards. Does not history show, however, that their idea that a man should be allowed to worship God as he chose, was limited by the proviso, "If he shall choose our way?" Were they not as intolerant of Roger Williams and of others differing from them in opin-



ion as were their brothers across the sea of them!

The spirit of intolerance is fast disappearing, as was shown by holding a "Congress of Religions" at the World's Fair. Does this prove that men are not so true to their convictions as formerly? By no means. In the progress of the race, however, men are learning to distinguish between the fundamental principles of right which form the essential part of every true belief, and the minor differences which must exist, since men differ individually. Denominational lines are at least becoming sufficiently faint for an orthodox Baptist brother reaching across to join hands with an orthodox brother in the Episcopal church and say, "We may stand on different sides, but we look at the same Christ."

### From Washington.

At the request of your efficient editor-in-chief, "I take my pen in hand." What remarks I make I hope will be of interest to all the readers of THE COLLEGIATE. However, I shall not promise that they will be either instructive or entertaining.

On the 5th of August last, the writer left his dear old home, Plant City, Florida, for the city of Washington, quite as sad a heart as when, at last commencement, he left the classic halls of Stetson, and bade his many friends and schoolmates farewell, realizing that he would never see them all again. The night after leaving home I stopped over in Jacksonville with our genial friend John Horatio Williams, who had been my predecessor as business manager of THE COLLEGIATE. John has many regrets that he did not take the advice of our esteemed president, Dr. Forbes, and return to school; but life consists of many regrets.

Early next morning I took the fast mail train of the Atlantic Coast Line and was hurried on towards the Capital City. The scenery along the railroad, I did not think was very striking; still there were many things to be admired. One could not help noticing the large and beautiful rice plantations (and also the negroes) of South Carolina.

Again, one from Florida would naturally be struck with the color of the water in the streams. I noticed the yellow waters of the Savannah, the Great Pedee and other rivers. In Florida the river waters are never muddy, and the rivers have either clear or black bottoms. Most of you

know that the coloring of the waters in other States is caused by the washing away of the red clay of the hills. After traveling all day and night, at 7 o'clock in the morning we were landed in Washington.

Well, after reaching the great city, it did not take me long to find Senator Pasco, who was so kind in securing me a position. It was about one week before I was sworn in on the great roll of government employes, and after I was thus qualified I did not have to go on duty for two weeks. I spent the interval in sight seeing, and in listening to our distinguished congressmen as they quarreled over the silver question.

After becoming somewhat acquainted with the capitol and observing many of its beautiful specimens of art, one of the first places I visited was the Washington monument, which you know is 555 feet high. It stands in the centre of a large graded campus covered with green grass. In the centre of this memorial structure there is an elevator running to the height of 550 feet, as high as one can go. All the way up, winding around this elevator, is a stairway. The elevator is capable of carrying thirty or forty persons at a time, and is crowded on almost every trip. It runs from 9 a. m. to 4 p. m., making a round trip every half hour. It takes the elevator nine minutes to ascend and eight minutes to descend. Many people, of course, climb the stairway.

I also visited the fish commission, where you can see almost every species of fish, and the national museum, where you can see a little of almost everything. The latter is a very large building and it takes one a good while to go through all the compartments. There you may behold the old war relics of George Washington and many other leading generals of the Union, but none of the great and gallant generals of the Confederacy.

The National Medical Museum is much frequented by strangers, and justly does it claim a part of their time while they are sight-seeing. All the branches of the medical science are well represented. This building contains the largest library in the world on medicine, there being several thousand volumes at the least.

The navy yard is another place that received a share of my attention. No one should lose the opportunity of visiting it. There you can see how our big guns are made. Some of them are fully forty feet long, with bores as much as fourteen inches in

diameter. The uninitiated may wonder how the men can handle these immense pieces of iron and steel, but overhead running entirely across the building from one end to the other, are the two largest cranes in the world. They are run by steam, and are so arranged as to lift any weight from one part to any other part of the building.

I also had the pleasure of taking a peep at Uncle Sam's money. The Treasury Building is something immense. The door that opens into the principal silver vault, is made of chilled steel, weighing 12,000 pounds, and is six inches thick. Inside this vault is a steel cell, which leaves just room enough for people to pass around conveniently. This enclosure contained when I visited it some time ago, 107,860,000 standard silver dollars. These were not lying out loose where you could see them, but were in wooden boxes about nine inches square. Vault No. 2 contained about \$11,500,000 in gold. There are eight vaults in all, which contained at the time of my visit, \$742,193,000. The total weight of the coin in the vaults, is 5,000 tons. If I had time I should like to tell you all about the making and redeeming of "paper money."

Quite near the treasury is the White House, which I visited on New Year's day, when I had the pleasure of shaking hands with President and Mrs. Cleveland twice. I thought Mrs. Cleveland quite pretty, and "Grover" fine looking. The White House itself is, I think, a very handsome structure, and is very suitable for its purpose as a home for the president of this great country.

The National Zoological Park, although it is not quite so extensive as those of New York, Chicago and Cincinnati, well deserves the time required to visit it. I certainly enjoyed two visits which I made to the park, and will go again sometime, *Deo volente*.

Mount Vernon and Marshall Hall are other places that I enjoyed visiting. They are down the river about sixteen or eighteen miles from Washington, one on each side of the Potomac. Marshall Hall, on the Maryland side, was the home of the first Chief Justice of the United States Supreme Court, John Marshall. The place is now a great summer resort for Washingtonians. Some go down there to dance in the evenings. Mount Vernon, which you all know, was the old home of Washington, is about two



miles up the river from Marshall Hall, and, of course, on the Virginia side of the Potomac. The place is supposed to be kept just as it was in Washington's time.

Another pleasant and profitable visit is to the Corcoran Art Gallery, near the White House. There you may see some splendid works of art. You may look upon the statues of all the ancient gods, the paintings and portraits of all the Presidents of the United States and of other leading men, and many other paintings and fine specimens of art. A good old rebel, a few days ago, walked into the Art Gallery and seeing a portrait of General Robert E. Lee by the door on the opposite side, before thinking, tipped his hat and bowed, almost believing that his beloved general was with us again.

My stay here in the capital city has been, for the most part, very pleasant. Still had I during this time been attending the John B. Stetson University, I am sure that my time would have been spent more pleasantly and, by reason of the benefits which I have previously obtained from this institution, I know that it would have been spent more profitably.

Realizing that I am taking up too much space which might be filled with more readable and interesting matter, and realizing also that students have something else to do than read, I will now, after wishing you all a pleasant and profitable year at "Stetson," and wishing THE COLLEGIATE ever increasing success, say *vale*.

GEO. H. WILDER.

Washington, D. D., Feb. 16, 1894.

## Brave Defeat and Build Anew.

Defeat is something of frequent occurrence. Men attempt a great many things in which they cannot possibly succeed. To such, failure is rendered certain, either by the fact that they are not personally fitted to do what they undertake, or by the fact that, being fitted to do what they attempted, and having done it well, they are nevertheless borne down by relentless, unprincipled competition, or by a combination of circumstances over which they had no control.

Let us look at this first cause of failure, namely, *attempting tasks for which we have no inherent fitness*. It is one of the perversities of human nature to want to do that which we cannot do. The learned professions are beset by a mob of young men who have either little or no fitness for

them. Can a young man of less than average ability hope to master the profound truths of religion and present them intelligently to the people? To convince men of their spiritual need, to make them feel the weight of responsibility, really to lead them in the paths of duty, is a task demanding ability of a high order. It is not surprising that young men, who lack power to think, who are deficient in good, sound sense, or who are incapable of high spirituality, fail in the ministry. They have attempted a line of work for which they are not adapted.

The same is true of the legal profession. A young man of the requisite ability, tact and power to apply himself, will soon learn a great deal of law and will become proficient in pleading cases; whereas the aspirant of less fitness will make a sorry failure—he has not the instincts of a lawyer, and no power on earth can give them to him.

We must recognize, also, a natural aptness for the practice of medicine. The physician must be a close observer—he must be able to detect slight symptoms and he must know their meaning. He must be able not merely to detect and understand individual symptoms, but must also grasp and understand general conditions. He needs a *medical judgment*; that is, sound sense along medical lines. Few young men are naturally capable of this, hence the large number of failures.

This is equally true of all departments of work. Just as good farmers and mechanics are spoiled to make poor ministers, lawyers and doctors, so also good housekeepers and seamstresses are spoiled to make poor artists and wretched musicians. In this day of progress we assume that we can make anything out of anything, the material is a matter of indifference, training is everything.

This is a great mistake. The fact is, one of the most urgent needs of the day is a careful study of special aptitudes. Given the aptitude, training will soon work marvels; but without natural ability, time, means and effort are wasted, and the pupil diverted from paths of real usefulness.

But we must notice the other cause of failure, namely, *competition and combinations of circumstances over which we have no control*. Of recent years mercantile business has been, to a great extent, absorbed by large establishments, where one can buy almost any article of merchandise.

These have made it impossible for many of the small stores to subsist. It is possible for the large stores to sell at such low prices, partly because they buy the stocks of the lesser merchants who have been driven to the wall; partly also because they can afford to buy goods in such large quantities that they get them at greatly reduced prices. In view of such competition; it is unjust to conclude that every merchant who fails, lacks business ability.

The recent business stringency has abundantly proven that the failure of large banking houses carries down many smaller banks. Many reputable and well managed business firms have found themselves in a tangle of unfortunate circumstances from which they were powerless to extricate themselves and consequently were compelled to fail.

The causes of failure are, then, either personal or circumstantial. The question now confronts us: What shall we do in view of failure? Shall we say to every man, "brave defeat and build anew?" Yes, to every one. But we do not recommend that every one, in his new endeavor, shall attempt the same task wherein he has just failed. Failure sometimes opens a man's eyes to his mistakes, and in his second endeavor he is enabled to make a grand success of the work wherein he formerly failed. There are many failures; however, which ought to reveal to their victims the fact that they cannot possibly succeed in the work they have undertaken. To such we say: "Don't be discouraged, there's something worth doing which you can do well and successfully; brave defeat, and begin anew in a line with your aptitudes." There are for each of us, lines of *least* as well as lines of *greatest* resistance; and it is not only legitimate, but wise and right to choose the lines of least resistance. They are the lines along which we shall accomplish most for ourselves and for humanity. Let us attempt what we can do best, and then do it with a persistency that never admits final defeat.

R.

Daughter—"I've just read in a paper that girls who learn the cornet, clarinet, flute or trombone develop the prettiest and cutest little dimples in their cheeks that—"

Father—"Yes, but think of the wrinkles they develop in every body else."

Prose is the enemy of poetry, and always has been.



## Stetson House of Commons.

The Stetson House of Commons is still progressing with its work. The last important work it did was to adopt a resolution recommending to Congress the passage of the income tax bill. The resolution was warmly discussed. Some favored it on the ground that the passage of the bill would increase the taxes paid by the wealthy classes and thus decrease those paid by the poorer classes. Others opposed it on the ground that all men have an equal opportunity of acquiring wealth and therefore it would be unjust to make the tax heavier upon those who have improved their opportunity and lighter upon those who have not.

A bill providing for the annexation of Canada to the United States has been introduced, but has not yet been discussed.

The mock trial has proved to be a thing of much interest. Mr. Bell and Mr. Lovell, the leading attorneys for prosecution and defense respectively, exhibit much skill in working up evidence and pleading. Mr. Bogue performs his office of judge efficiently, being quick and accurate in his decisions on points of law, and Mr. Bevil as sheriff, has considerable tact in managing prisoners and keeping order in court.

Several new, and we believe valuable members have recently been received into the society. Still its membership is comparatively small. We would like to see yet others come in, not so much for the good of the society, but the improvement of more of the students along its line of work.

## Rhetorical Exercises.

We give below the programs of the rhetorical exercises of February and March.

We are not in the habit of criticizing these exercises, partly because we do not feel competent to pass discriminating and valuable criticisms upon the work done, and do not wish to make any other kind; partly because the criticisms on each successive program would necessarily be much alike, and would consequently soon become tiresome.

We should like to say at this time, however, that the improvement of most of the pupils in this department has been very marked. Miss Brown's work has been exceedingly thorough, and it is safe to say that the increased ease, fluency and naturalness noted

are not due merely to drill for these particular public occasions, but mark a real and permanent advance along these lines.

The musical selections interspersed through the programs add greatly to the variety and pleasure of the exercises. Especially gratifying to some of us is the way in which the young men especially, in their essays and orations, grapple with and discuss the great public questions of the day. We should state again, perhaps, that Prof. Hamilton now has charge of the essay work.

### PROGRAM FOR FEBRUARY 23

Oration—Our Public Schools.....	Mr. Edwards.
A Tendency of the Age—Chas. Dudley Warner	Miss Hughes.
Essay—Charity.....	Miss Willatowsky.
(a. Incident of the French Camp—Browning	(b. Russian Soldier, Rest!.....
Mr. Bogue.	Mr. Riles.
Oration—Build Your Hope on Merit.....	Mr. Riles.
Meg Merrilies and Dominic Sampson.....	Scott
Piano Solo.....	Miss Budington.
The Storm Off Yarmouth.....	Dickens
Miss Walker.	
Vocal Solo (a. Butterflies.....	(b. Lullaby.....
Miss Dorrance.	Miss Erhart.
Essay—Necessity of Truthfulness.....	Miss Erhart.
Selections from James Whitcomb Riley,	(a. Nothin' to Say.....
(b. A Tale of the Airy Days.....	Mr. Powell.

### MARCH 23

Essay—Brave Deeds and Build Anew.....	Mr. Riles.
Recital—Awfully Lovely Philosophy.....	Anon
Miss Buckstaum.	
Essay—The Hawaiian Trouble.....	Mr. Smith.
Piano Solo—Etude.....	Heller
Miss Harriet Harkness.	
Essay—Henry Clay.....	Mr. Fish.
Recital—The Spinning-Wheel Song.....	Waller
Miss Paine.	
Vocal Solo—Serenade.....	Nevada
Miss Moore.	
Oration—The Rights and Privileges of	American Citizens.....
Mr. Norwood	
Piano Solo—The Bee.....	Miss Helen Forbes.
Selections from "The Prince of India:"	(a) The Passing of the Caravans.....
Miss Howard.	(b) A Race with a Storm.....
Miss Hogan.	

The International Dictionary gives this definition as one of the meanings of the word "Bohemian:" "An adventurer in art or literature, of irregular, unconventional habits, questionable tastes, or free morals." The French knew the inhabitants of Bohemia only as wandering dark-skinned gypsies, hence the metaphorical use of the word originated with them, and simply means a gypsy in literature.

Brown and the University of Pennsylvania have arranged a series of baseball games for the next two years. Two games will be played in Providence this season and two in Philadelphia next year.

## Exchange Items.

The committee for the revision of foot ball rules has been appointed by the University Athletic Club of New York, as follows: Walter Camp, Yale; Dr. W. A. Brooks, Harvard; Alexander Moffat, Princeton; Dr. Paul Dashiell, Lehigh, and J. C. Bell, Pennsylvania.

The University of Cairo, founded A. D. 973, has a larger attendance than any other college in the world. It gives instructions to more than 10,000 students.

Amherst has a base ball schedule of twenty-eight games, eighteen of which are for the home grounds.

A curious volume has just been published, entitled "In Re Walt Whitman." The book is made up of Whitman's unpublished fragments, criticisms of him and newspaper clippings which appeared just after his death. One of the latter is this, taken from the New York Herald: "He struck his lyre with his fist at times instead of with his finger-tips."

It has been unanimously decided by Yale Seniors to wear the cap and gown at commencement and on Sundays after Easter.

We have added to our "Exchange" list "The Vidette," of the State Normal University, at Normal, Ill. We congratulate the school on having so well edited a paper.

Arithmetic has been dropped from the list of entrance requirements at Yale.

The committee in charge of the arrangements at Pennsylvania for the joint debate with Cornell, finds itself embarrassed by the large number of contestants who have offered themselves. Two preliminary trials will be necessary to decide upon Pennsylvania's representative.

Stagg, now at Chicago University, says, regarding Western athletics: "Work is a new word in the Western athletics. They hardly know what it is. Work in baseball is not so essential as in football. The former requires more skill, greater nicety and finer co-ordination of all the muscles. The latter demands a better trained body."

Professor Henry Drummond has been called to the Presidency of McGill University, Montreal, Canada.



From South Carolina.—“When a timid Tar Heel wishes to express himself to his girl, he takes a piece of fat pine, trims it in the shape of a capital I. That means, I pine for thee. If she rejects him she strikes a match and sets the splinter on fire. This means, I make light of your pining. If she likes him, she hands him a lightwood knot, which means, pine not. When a boy goes to leave, he gently puts his arm around his girl, kisses her, and puts some soft pitch on the end of her nose, which means, ta(r), ta(r), till we meet again.”—Ex.

“Which was the greater general of the two, Cæsar or Hannibal?” was a question put to a young student at his last examination. He replied as follows: “If we consider who Cæsar and Hannibal were, and ask ourselves which of them were the greatest, we must decidedly answer in the affirmative.”—The Down.

Somewhere in Africa there is a university with five students and twelve professors. Pity those students.—Advance.

A Quaker who had a young and pretty daughter was awakened one night by some one singing under his window. A certain young gentleman, it appears, had mistaken the father's window for the daughters. Several airs were sung, and finally the serenade struck into “Home, Sweet Home.” The old gentleman got out of bed and raised the window. “Young man,” said he, “if thou hast a home, and a sweet home, as thou sayest, why don't thee go home?”—Youth's Companion.

Opportunity is the flower of time; and as the stalk may remain when the flower is cut off, so may time remain with us when opportunity is gone.—Bond.

“It is not what we eat, but what we digest, that makes us strong. It is not what we earn, but what we save, that makes us rich. It is not what we read, but what we remember that makes us learned. It is not what we profess, but what we practice, that makes us Christians.”—Ex.

The Scribners are about to publish an article of some description, by Charles Lamb, called “Cupid's Revenge.” It is heretofore unpublished and the manuscript has been in this country since 1858.

We love in others what we lack ourselves, and would be anything but what we are.—R. H. Stoddard.

President Andrews of Brown, declined the call to the chancellorship of Chicago University, and head professorship of the department of philosophy, which meant a salary of \$10,000 a year and a six months leave of absence. The news was most agreeably disappointing to the college, who feared his acceptance of this very flattering offer would soon be announced. The students held a college meeting for the purpose of expressing, in a fitting manner, their appreciation of his loyalty to them.—Ex.

The University of Pennsylvania and Cornell have formed a dual debating club. The first debate will be held in Ithaca, April 20, 1894, and the second in Philadelphia, not later than March 10, 1895. The subject of debate will be chosen by the university under whose auspices the debate is to be held, and must be submitted to the other university at least three months in advance. The choice of sides rests with the visiting university.

“Make a note of the boy that is respectful and kind to his mother. He has a fibre of real manhood in him. The odds are all in favor of the supposition that he will grow up to be a useful citizen and a good Christian. We never see a boy escorting his mother as if he were proud of the service without being disposed to lift our hat to him.”—Nashville Christian Advocate.

Thinking, not growth, makes manhood. Accustom yourself therefore to thinking. Let yourselves to understand whatever you see or read. So your thinking with reading is one of the first maxims, and one of the easiest operations.—Isaac Taylor.

The following written definition of the word “bachelor” was handed in by a fifth grade boy: “A bachelor is a man who has no wife, nor wants no wife, nor can't get no wife.”

“The Wake Forest Student” for January contains a good article entitled, “The Minister,” which we think all our theological students would enjoy reading.

For fifty years at Harvard the first honors of the classes have never gone to a man who smoked tobacco.—Ex.

Seventy-nine Yale graduates are at present pursuing courses of study in the Harvard graduate department.

And what is a weed? A plant whose virtues have not yet been discovered.—Emerson.

## The Foot-Ball Team Entertained.

THE YOUNG LADIES OF CHAUDOIN HALL  
GIVE THE FIRST ELEVEN A “SPREAD.”

One of the most novel and pleasant affairs of the quarter was the “spread” given by the young ladies of Chaudoin Hall to the first foot ball eleven. Late in the afternoon of Friday, young ladies were seen busily carrying over chairs and tables to the gymnasium, where this brilliant affair was to be held, and the hopes of the first eleven rose high in the expectation of having a good time. At eight o'clock the young ladies met their guests at the door and escorted them to their respective tables. Each guest was provided with a table, where two handsome young ladies attended to his wants with joy and alacrity. The tables, which were arranged in a circle, were exquisitely decorated with flowers, white and yellow, the colors of the eleven, prevailing. The captain's table attracted special attention and comment. The entire arrangement showed splendid taste. The following were the guests present: Captain Tebbetts, Referee Bolton, Prof. Carson (who had acted as umpire), Prof. Howe, Messrs. Bogue, Estes, Pierpont, Bryan, Sanders, Lovell, Bevel, Gramham, Bond, Hamilton, Lupe, Smith, and THE COLLEGIATE man. Coffee, sandwiches, chicken salad, pickles, ice cream and cake were served.

After the good things had been thoroughly enjoyed, Miss Alice Hogan proposed a toast to Captain Tebbetts. In a few words he responded, thanking the young ladies for their splendid entertainment. He said that, although they had not been victorious in the last contest, he felt sure that, encouraged by this expression of the interest felt by the young ladies, the team would put forth all its energies to win the next time.

Referee Bolton next responded. There was, he said, in the foot ball club the possibilities of a strong and invincible team, but “stick-to-itiveness” was necessary to the development of these possibilities, and only by steadfast and constant training could they reach the acme of success.

Professor Carson expressed his enthusiasm for foot ball, and emphasized the fact that the future of foot ball lies in the hands of the athletes of the present. He asserted that they can make it either a game of brutality and dan-



ger or a game of manly exercise and skill.

After this all the other guests expressed briefly their thanks and their appreciation of the young ladies efforts.

Then Captain Tebbetts produced a curious looking bag, which he presented to the young ladies. When opened it proved to be filled with the finest candy.

After a grand march and three rousing cheers for the girls of Chaudoin Hall, the first foot ball eleven of the John B. Stetson University bade the young ladies good night and went home feeling supremely happy.

### The Mule Wouldn't Believe Him.

About a mile from the town of Calera, Alabama, we came to a place where the railroad track crossed the public highway, and stuck on the track was a mule hitched to a rickety old wagon loaded with wood. The front wheels had stopped at the rail, and the mule was fair across the metals. He stood there with his head down and his ears lazily working; and lying on the grass near by was an old negro smoking a pipe.

"What's the matter?" I asked, as we drew up.

"Dat mawl has dun gigged back," he replied.

"Do you mean he won't pull his load over the track?"

"'Zactly, sah—'zactly. He kin do it if he wants ter, but he jest won't. He's de obstinatest critter in dis hull stat'."

"One of our party got down and took the animal by the bit and tried to start him up, but he hung back until he almost sit down."

"It hain't no use trying," said the owner, as he came forward. "He's one of them breed of mawls who gets sot once in a while, an' when dat fit strikes him he's bound to stay right dar."

"But if you don't get him off he will be struck by the approaching train."

"Can't help it, sah. He's bin wantin' to see dat train fur a long time, an' now I'ze gwine to let him."

It was a heavy freight train coming on a down grade. The engineer tooted as he rounded the curve, but the mule never raised his head. Instead of trying to stop, more steam was put on, and the next moment that mule went twenty feet high, while it rained wagon wheels and pine knots

all over the township. As the train passed on we found the mule in the bushes thirty feet from the track. He was all there, but dead as a door-nail. The negro came slowly up, took a long look, and then shook his fist at the dead animal, and said:

"I dun tole yo' dat bullgine was alive, but you wouldn't believe it! I hopes you feel better now! You has went an' got yo'self killed off, de wagon busted up, an' left me to go to de poor house. But mebbe the next mawl I gits will hev some sense in his head."—Detroit Herald.

### Nineveh.

During the seventh and eighth centuries before Christ, Nineveh was the greatest and most wicked city of the world. It was situated on the Tigris, and was unequalled for its wealth, its luxury, its sensuality, and the violent cruelty of its rulers and nobles. Like the Paris of two centuries past, it was at once the center where gathered, and the source from which flowed, the most corrupting and destructive influences of every kind. The city was bright, beautiful, gay, the strong capital of the strong nation of that time. Founded by Nimrod (Genesis x:ii), it had grown with every age until it reached the immense proportions of sixty miles in circumference.

In the midst of its greatest power and glory, the prophets of Israel—Isaiah, Jonah, Nahum and Zephaniah—began to declare its approaching downfall. So literally were the prophecies fulfilled before the era of careful historical writing, that, out side of the Bible, we have hardly any description of the city that is trustworthy. From about six hundred and twenty-five to six hundred B. C. we date its downfall, and for nearly twenty-five hundred years its great monuments, its vast libraries, its colossal sculptures, its numberless cylinders and seals, have been buried under the sand, waiting to give their testimony and proof to the correctness of the statements of the Old Testament.

"You may twine me moustache, aw," said Gilly to the barber.

"Yes, sir," replied the latter. "Did you bring it with you?"—Brooklyn Life.

Eyes are not so common as people think, or poets would be plendier.—Lowell.

### Local and Personal.

Mrs. Hogan spent Easter at Orange City.

Miss McArthur has recovered from her recent illness.

Grape fruit is now the popular before breakfast appetizer.

Mr. Bert Fish has been promoted to a sergeantship in the drill.

Misses Raly and Stephens "vacated" at home during Easter.

All the churches in DeLand had appropriate Easter services.

Miss ZuTavern is busy organizing choruses for commencement.

The DeLand public schools will close about the 20th of April.

The seniors have adopted as their class motto "*esse quam videre*."

Miss LaCuta says THE COLLEGIATE is like the fast mail—never on time.

The new dwelling house of Prof. Hamilton is fast nearing completion.

Mr. Onas. Tysen and Miss Janet McGowan spent Easter at Jacksonville.

Miss Laurie Law has closed her school at Highland Park and is now at home.

Miss Missouri Underhill is now attending the Jasper Normal School at Jasper, Florida.

Prof. Hamilton occupied the pulpit in the Baptist church at Orlando on Easter Sunday.

Miss Jessie Martin has been taking a vacation for several days at her home in Jacksonville.

The seniors were "turned loose" at the beginning of this quarter to do their own sweet will.

Major Vuillaume left on Friday, March 23, for Port Orange, his home, where he spent Easter.



The oak trees around the campus and in the streets are putting on a beautiful growth of green.

There now remains only one quarter of the school year; then commencement and vacation.

Mr. John Lovett has returned home on account of his eyes. We are sorry to lose "John" and his fun.

Dr. Forbes and Prof. Hamilton have recently favored the psychology class with excellent lectures.

Mrs. Crosby, of Avon Park, has been spending several days with her daughter, Miss Sarah Crosby.

The social hour on Friday evening might be made more pleasant, if the boys and girls would only try to make it so.

Miss LaCuta remarks that it is better to read too much and study too little than to study too much and read too little.

"Eggs are cheap," says a student, judging from the bountiful supply now served at Stetson Hall. Let the good work go on.

Mulberries have been plentiful during the past two weeks, and the students have availed themselves of this abundance.

Both the lecture on the benefits of travel, and the paper on George Elliot given by Mrs. Dickerson were highly enjoyable and instructive.

The juniors are agitating somewhat the question of abolishing the system of graduating essays and orations. Let the good work go on.

There is a deep feeling of interest in the students prayer meetings held in the chapel on Sunday afternoons, and the attendance is increasing.

It has been suggested that the Collegiate Board raise a sufficient amount of money to buy a printing press and do its own printing. We think the suggestion an excellent one, only we beg to be excused from doing any of the printing.

Miss Brown is beginning to prepare a play for commencement, and also to drill some of the young ladies in physical culture work for the same occasion.

Major V. M. Raley of the F. C. & P. recently visited the University and expressed himself highly pleased with the facilities and equipments found here.

Whenever the thermometer registers over eighty, the drill is now disbanded for that day. Under this rule there will not be much more drilling this year, we imagine.

Miss ZuTavern passed ten days last month at Ormond recuperating her health. The sea air and sea bathing acted like a tonic, and she returned much benefited.

Miss Florence and Messrs. Robert and Edward Allen went over to their home at Port Orange on the Thursday before Easter. They were accompanied by Miss C. Payne.

We were very sorry to have Miss Dorrance leave school. She was becoming very favorably known, both on account of her musical ability and on account of her social powers.

Messrs. Harry and George Winters went over to Glenwood on the afternoon of March 24th and crossed rackets with the Glenwood tennis team. They gained an easy victory.

Here is the division of the day which a certain member of the political economy class gave recently: First, eight hours for work; second, eight hours for sleep; third, eight hours for eating.

Mr. C. F. VanDerwater is now in business in Fort Worth, Texas, but he hopes to be able to visit the scene of so much of his former labor before our session closes. We would be pleased to shake hands with "Vandy" once more.

The bulletin board attracts a great deal of attention among the students. It was a happy thought, to place the most important items of news where all the students not only can see, but must see them if they only keep their eyes open.

The dormitory boys had a lively game of base ball with the down-town boys on Saturday, March 24. The score stood four to seven in favor of the Stetson Hall boys. There was some good playing on both sides.

Since the weather became too hot for football, the athletes of our school are turning their attention to baseball and tennis. A baseball nine is being organized. There is some fine material among the boys for such a nine.

Mr. George Wilder, who is in Washington, has been furnishing some of the teachers and students with copies of the "Petition on Lottery Transactions in Florida, in the Senate of the United States," and Congressional documents relating to female suffrage.

All the friends of Mr. G. H. Walder will enjoy reading the article from him in this number of THE COLLEGIATE. This article should have been published in the last number, but our space was so fully occupied that we were compelled to leave it until this month.

One day not long since John caught a large 'possum. Mr. Charlie Tysen secured it and had it prepared. Those who were fortunate enough to have seats at Miss Dickerson's table had the privilege of tasting 'possum meat. Some pronounced it very good; others were not so favorably impressed with this noted Southern dish.

The following illustrates the nervous tension under which the seniors are now laboring: Junior—"Say, D. H., how is your oration getting along?" Excited Senior—"Oration! don't you say oration to me again." The junior, skillfully dodging, escaped the missile of wrath and vengeance which was hurled at his head.

We reported in last month's COLLEGIATE that Robert Burdette would not lecture for the University. This was stated on the strength of a statement by the bureau with which the contract had been made. Since that time the bureau has informed the committee in charge of the lectures that Mr. Burdette will come, if it is so desired. It is probable, therefore, that we will have the opportunity of hearing the famous humorist.



Miss LaCuta rises to remark that the young man who treats his best girl, or girls, to ice cream and has the bill charged is preparing to cast himself under a moving train or over a precipice. Young man, be careful.

◆

The Friday evening before Miss Dorrance returned home she gave a song recital before Dr. and Mrs. Forbes and the faculty. Her singing gave much pleasure to those present and showed great diligence and progress in her studies. Her selections were from operas and oratorios and ballads. She displayed smoothness and brilliancy of voice. Much of her success is due to the excellent training of her teacher, Miss Vander Hooges, who accompanied her on the piano.

◆

The lecture of Dr. P. S. Henson on Tuesday, March 27th, was greatly enjoyed by all who heard it. Dr. Henson is one of those rare men who can say wise things in a thoroughly witty manner. His subject on this occasion was "Fools." He mentioned a great many different classes of fools, and, though he did not exhaust the list by any means, we presume no one in his audience had any difficulty in finding at least one class in which he might place himself if he so desired. It was hoped that Dr. Henson would speak to the students at the chapel next morning, but he left the same night of the lecture to lecture elsewhere.

◆

We have recently had three excellent talks by Dr. Forbes, at chapel exercises. One was on hazing, in which the doctor gave the students to understand that no hazing would be allowed in Stetson University, and that even the germs found in "bumping" and "paddling" would be summarily dealt with. The boys showed their approval by heartily applauding the sentiments and mandates of the President. The second of the talks to which we referred called attention to Mr. Gladstone's resignation of the premiership of England, and to the life of the "grand old man" and the qualities and character that are required to make a man like Bismarck or Gladstone. In the other talk, the Bland Seigniorage Bill was explained briefly, concisely and clearly. President Cleveland's past financial policy was described, and the students were

urged to watch his action in regard to this bill and to observe what effect his vetoing or not vetoing it will appear to have on the future prosperity of the country.

#### An Undiscouraged Farmer.

I met a jolly farmer in a lovely Western vale,  
A man of fertile fancy that was never known  
to fail,  
Who, when I told of hailstones full seven  
ounces in weight,  
Said he had seen twelve ounce ones in eight-  
teen sixty-eight.

And when I spoke of fish I'd caught, in cer-  
tain foreign rills,  
That measured twenty-seven feet from nar-  
rative to gills,  
He said, with brow unruffled and a manner  
frank and free,  
That he had caught them twice as long in  
eighteen sixty-three.

And then I spoke of having met a fellow in  
Berlin  
Whose mouth was large enough to get three  
large potatoes in!  
Where on he wished Jim Hankinson—his  
cousin—was alive;  
He'd seen him hold six apples in his mouth in  
sixty-five.

It seemed to make no odds to him how I'd ex-  
aggerate;  
He'd always go one better; so I thought I'd  
narrate  
How with an ass's jawbone did the mighty  
Samson slay  
Ten thousand of his foemen—just to see what  
he would say.

He listened most intently, with an ever-  
broadening smile.  
As though he were a person that had never  
heard of guile;  
And when I'd done he told me that he knew  
my tale was true,  
For Samson's self had told it him in eighteen  
sixty-two.  
—Harper's Bazar.

A late number of the Winnipeg Free Press shows that the competition fad has reached N. W. T., and that the Moosominers can go one better. The Free Press of Winnipeg, states that, some weeks ago, the Moosomin Spectator started a competition with this question: "Why am I a Bachelor?" The winner of the prize, awarded by Lieutenant-Governor Mackintosh, as judge, was Mr. W. H. Morris of Valley P. O., Assiniboia, whose answer was as follows:

Why I am a bachelor—

1. Because the name of woman is too suggestive. Just look at the wot that's before the man.
2. I am a short man, and the ladies are all in favor of Hymen.
3. Being a bachelor, I am a Homer-Ruler, and consequently opposed to the Union.
4. Because, although marriage may not be entirely a failure, it is nearly always a miss-take.—Selected.

He is great who is what he is from nature, and who never reminds us of others.—Emerson.

## It is the Mind That Sees.

How do we see? Did you ever chance to think? I have asked quite a number of people lately, and they reply: "With our eyes, of course; how else?" or words to that effect. Did you ever realize how much of our vision is mental? We see nothing properly and definitely until the mind lends its perception. We may be gazing at a picture, yet be unable to see anything but a confused mass of color—because the mind is seeing faces or scenes a thousand miles away, perhaps. Call the mental vision back, and the figures on the canvas take their proper places, and at once we see the picture. Or shut your eyes. Can you see the faces of those you love or hate as clearly as you ever saw them with the physical means of sight? How many times one glances at his watch, yet, when asked the time as he replaces it in his pocket, is unable to tell, simply because he looked only with the eyes and not with the mind also.—Boston Advertiser.

To those who like big words and ambiguous phrases we commend the following:

"Only in ancient Judaism does the science of God and immortality and self-government by infinite beneficence shine out from the debris of a faded truth and half forgotten tradition. There the Bible becomes the classic of moral science instead of the fetish of superstition, when removing the problem of human destiny from the plane of finite physics and metaphysics it proclaims that a self-existent, free, conscious God, the creative essence of all relations, filling the always and the everywhere with the infinitely beneficent liberty of righteous self-government, created man male and female, in his own image, with the obligation of growth in truth and justice forever, because God is unstinted in his light and bounty. A providence who created man with truth imperative to his mind and righteousness authoritative to his free agency, created man as immortal as justice is eternal. Sandaled and girdled and staff in hand mortal with conscience for his motive and a knowable universe for his guide, is a pilgrim in an eternal passover here and hereafter toward the unattainable excellence of the Divine Head of the Commonwealth of universal justice."



## Sketch of a Popular Author in 1950.

During the last ten years the reading public has noticed from time to time, in the leading periodicals of the day, choice bits of verse and prose—pastels of superior merit, signed by Grace Granville. Only since the publication of the remarkable novel, "The Passionate Peri," has the fact crept out that "Grace Granville" is the pen-name of Mr. John Dumont.

That a young man, not yet out of his twenties, should be the author of such a striking romance augurs well for the ultimate advancement of the male sex toward intellectual equality.

It is a sad commentary upon the injustice of the world, however, to find this gifted young man obliged to mask his identity under a feminine *nom de plume*, in order to gain respectful attention from the public and just treatment from the critics.

Even at the early age of ten he evinced marked talent for literature, but his parents, strongly imbued with the prejudice of the times against any publicity for young men, frowned upon his artistic tastes and endeavored to turn his inclinations into more domestic channels.

Genius like his was not to be crushed or suppressed, however. But he saw the necessity of assuming a woman's name if he entered a public career, in order to avoid the brutal assaults a conventional world hurls ever at a man who dares to leave the beaten track which custom demands he should follow.

Our young author succeeded, and now only the envious will refuse John Dumont the praise which has so freely been bestowed upon Grace Granville.

Without a doubt a few straight-laced people will frown upon the intensity of emotion and strength of mind displayed by the young man who composed "The Passionate Peri." But the world moves, and the time will come when man shall be allowed the same freedom of thought, feeling and expression which is so freely granted to women.

When that time comes, the world will honor the name of John Dumont as one of the pioneers of man's emancipation.—Ella Wheeler Wilcox in *Once a Week*.

It is estimated that ninety-two per cent. of the world's population dwell in the Eastern Hemisphere.

## The Value of Time.

One morning when Benjamin Franklin was busy in the press-room on his newspaper, a lounge stepped into the book-store and spent an hour or more looking over the books. Finally he seemed to settle on one, and asked the clerk the price.

"One dollar," the clerk replied.

"One dollar," echoed the lounge.

"Can't you take less than that?"

"One dollar is the price," the clerk answered.

The would-be purchaser looked over the books awhile longer and inquired:

"Is Mr. Franklin in?"

"Yes, he's busy in the printing office," the clerk replied.

"Well, I want to see him," said the man.

The clerk told Mr. Franklin that a gentleman was in the store waiting to see him. Franklin soon appeared, and the stranger said:

"What is the lowest, Mr. Franklin, that you can take for that book?"

"One dollar and a quarter," was the prompt and decisive answer.

"One dollar and a quarter! Why, your clerk only asked me a dollar just now.

"True," replied Mr. Franklin, "and I could have better afforded to take a dollar than leave my work."

The man seemed surprised, and wishing to end a parley of his own seeking, said:

"Well, come now, tell me your lowest price for this book."

"One dollar and a half."

"A dollar and a half! Why you offered it yourself for a dollar and a quarter."

"Yes," said Mr. Franklin, coolly, "and I had better have taken that price than to take even a dollar and a half now."

This was a way of trade which took this man quite by surprise. Without a word he laid the money on the counter, took the book and left the store.—Selected.

One learns more metaphysics from single temptation, than from all the philosophers.—Lowell.

They are never alone that are accompanied by noble thoughts.—Philip Sidney.

The collegiate game of football resulted in twenty-two deaths during 1893.

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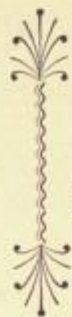




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